



ia pacis

march-may

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Be praised, my Lord, with all your created things. Be praised brother Sun, who brings the day and gives us light. He is fair and radiant with shining face and he draws his meaning from on high.

Be praised, my Lord, for sister moon and the stars in the heavens. You have made them clear and precious and lovely.

Praised be my Lord for our brother Wind, and for the air and the clouds and calm days and every kind of weather, by which you give your creatures nourishment.

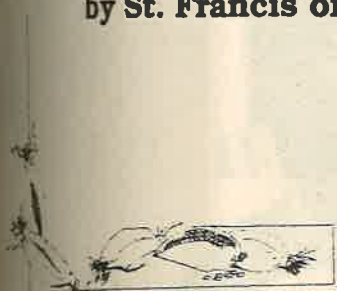
Praised be my Lord for our sister Water which is very helpful and humble, precious and pure.

Praised be my Lord for our brother Fire, by which you light up the darkness; he is fair, bright and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, Mother Earth, for she sustains and keeps us and brings forth all kind of fruits together with grasses and bright flowers.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, bodily death, from which no loving person can flee, praised be my Lord for all your creatures. We give you thanks.

by St. Francis of Assisi



reflections on the loss of a friend

Recently, there was held in Des Moines a workshop called "Why Men Don't Grieve." I suspect that the content was more along the lines of "Why Men Don't Cry When They Grieve." Had the organizers attended the funeral of eleven year old Kenna Lee Meyer Haglan -- where even the funeral director cried -- they might have cancelled the workshop.

But in all fairness, for one reason or another, a significant percentage of adult males do not, will not or cannot cry. The workshop's organizers had these men in mind, among whom, regrettably, I count myself.

I am the product of a staunch Irish-Catholic upbringing, and as central a dogma to that upbringing as papal infallibility is the subconscious belief that real men don't cry. The process through which this belief was instilled has faded from memory, but as surely as I was taught to love baseball and apple pie, I was taught to repress tears and physical displays of grief.

Though I shed no tears when she died, Kenna was like a daughter to me. For the past two years, she was always at our house. She had become part of the family. Her energy and optimism were contagious and inspirational, and her helpfulness and concern were, I think, rare in a girl that age.

Kenna's quirks and eccentricities were equally outstanding. Her eagerness to babysit was matched only by her eagerness to collect payment, if not the same day, by the next day at the latest.

I work with Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Our office is on the top floor of an old neighborhood church. When Kenna came to visit, or more often to work, she would unwittingly announce her arrival with loud, determined self-confident footsteps as she ascended the wooden staircase. She came often, stayed long, worked hard and asked too many questions. Though honored at our 1989 Annual Meeting as CND's most active volunteer, she was, I must admit, the only volunteer we ever had to ask to come less often.

To celebrate her eleventh birthday, Kenna and I went swimming at the Drake pool, where we took turns trying to drown each other. We then had ice cream with a candle in it, and I discovered why, at more traditional birthday celebrations, people stick the candles in the cake instead. We then watched a video called "The Heartless Giant," in which a young boy named Leo naively trusts a cruel and ruthless giant. Though the giant lies to him again and again, Leo continues to trust and serve him, till finally persistence, patience and innocence triumph. Leo finds the giant's heart and offers him the gift of Kindness. I told Kenna that Leo reminded me of her, but I'm not sure she grasped the full significance of the compliment.

Celebrating her birthday was the last thing Kenna and I did together before she went on her final journey. It is a memory I will always cherish.

Deprived of tears to express the depth of my grief, I have sought other catalysts for recovery, other vehicles of expression. Writing has helped enormously, though for the first two weeks, try as I might, my pen remained as dry as my eyes.

The decision to fast each Wednesday for a year has also helped. The idea came to me in a flash, as I contemplated the traumatic twenty four hours that Kenna lay in a coma. I can cite no clear rationale for the decision, but I sense a powerful symbolic significance that has, after two weeks, proven therapeutic.

Finally, time has helped: first, to accept the loss of the potential embodied in this wonderful child, and after that, to stop bemoaning my own personal sense of loss. As one who lived life to the fullest, Kenna, I imagine, would have been critical had I opted for an extended sabbatical of self-pity.

Presently, I feel a compelling urge to bring to fruition a project which Kenna had barely begun. When she was nine, Kenna announced the founding of "Children Concerned About the Future." She described a powerful vision: children from all over the country rallying and speaking, united in their opposition to the arms race, to environmental destruction, to intervention and imperialism. The actualization of this vision would be a beautiful and appropriate tribute to Kenna, and I encourage the reader's input and support.

The morning of April 4 had brought me the saddest news of my life. When I learned that Kenna lay in a coma, in my heart, I knew what the outcome would be.

On the evening of April 4, a few hours before Kenna's death, I planted two Austrian pines in front of our house. I hope and pray that they will grow tall and strong and watch over the places where Kenna lived, played and worked. I pray that their strength and simplicity will provide an inspiration to those left to continue the struggle to build God's Kingdom, and that they will serve as a reminder of the beautiful, energetic life that was Kenna.

By Ed Fallon



Time of the Seed

Spilt love seeking its level not somewhere else
but here seeing through blood nothing is lost
(Adrienne Rich, "Not Somewhere Else, But Here," The Dream of a Common Language)

The Northern Miwok, a Californian Native American Tribe, believe that in the beginning the world was rock. Then the rains came and washed some of the rock off. This made the earth. By and by plants grew out of the earth. When their leaves fell and those plants perished more earth was created. Then more plants and trees grew on the new earth. Each year their leaves and bark and needles and cones too fell on the earth and made still more earth. And now, if you look closely at the earth you can see that this is how the earth was made. On top lie the leaves and cones and needles and bark. A little below that these things are matted together. Underneath, they are decaying and breaking up into earth. This is how the earth grew and how it is still growing. New life grows in the life that came before it.

As I'm writing this the lilacs in front of my house are nearing full bloom. We spent yesterday at the farm planting in the garden -- beets, potatoes, beans, flowers. Kay and Barry have spent time planting trees and flowers around Kenna's grave. Spring, and this spring in particular, is a time of balance. A balance between light and dark, life and death, new and old. A balance between two like forces which run in opposite directions. This balance brings the potential for a new harmony within us and between us. All cultures celebrate this time of rebirth as new life bursts forth from old. Now is the time of spring's reoccurring. Now is the time of the seed. Myth holds that this is the time when Demeter's daughter, Persephone, returns from the land of the dead. As mother and daughter, reunited, dance together wildflowers spring forth from where they step.

We all know how the story proceeds. The seed of spring grows and becomes summer. And in the summer, just as it seems that light will triumph forever it begins to decline into darkness. As the days shorten we come to a period of uncertainty. We stand between hope and fear. The flowers have formed fruit, but the fruit is not yet ripe and we can only wait to see what rewards our labor will produce. Life feeds on life so new life may grow. Light diminishes until once again day and night are equal, balanced. We give thanks for the fruits we have reaped to sustain us through the oncoming period of barrenness. Always a cord of light sustains us through the darkness. Always a cord of life sustains us through death.

By Carol Pilgrim

Bishop Dingman House



When you read this, work on Dingman House will finally be done! Jim and Norman went out this morning to buy lumber to do the front steps, the last project left, and by Jim's estimate there is only 3 or 4 days' work left on the carpentry (including the steps) and plumbing. Jim has been working over there for the past three weeks with Daniel and Victor, some friends of ours, and they have finished up the plumbing and trimming out the second floor. We know this will be a big relief not only to us and the guests who will now have such a better space to be in, but also to the many friends who have been raising money and getting linens and furnishings together for the new house. We're sure we are not the only ones who were wondering if it would open before the turn of the century.

To get ready for the house opening and blessing there is still a lot of cleanup to be done, and we would really appreciate any help with very basic cleaning, like scrubbing plaster dust, sawdust and two years of accumulated dirt out of walls, cabinets, floors and everything else, touchup painting, filling in nicks and gouges in the walls, moving furniture, setting up the kitchen and like tasks of which there are too many. Just call us at 243-0765 or come over.



Raymond got
and the street
it was very co
he was Robe
he was runni
the police we
the police got
the police pu
then the bull
then he drop
then I was sc
the someone
thought it wa
but it was t
door.
Thomas was
I was still sh
my brother w
then Kay mov
because she v

When I was i
Greek, and to
into it was th
civilization w
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thing. Life at
that (neither
seems like the
is that you ca
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to be always r
the phone is
find a pencil,
can't remembe
somebody's k
water dish and
as I'm getting
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Like everyone
each day bring
and personal,
forgive myself
would learn to
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me, I would h
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The Catholic
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Raymond got killed.
and the streets were clogged up.
It was very cold, below zero.
he was Roberto's friend.
he was running.
the police were down by his car.
the police got out his gun.
the police pulled the trigger.
then the bullet hit Raymond.
then he dropped to the ground.
then I was scared.
the someone knocked on the door and I
thought it was Raymond.
but it was the police that knocked on the
door.
Thomas was holding me on his lap.
I was still shaking.
my brother was asleep.
then Kay moved my brother on to the couch
because she wanted him be safe.

By Kary Meyer-Haglan



Hoping for the Best

When I was in school I majored in ancient Greek, and to tell the truth, the reason I got into it was that I figured that since ancient civilization was over, with hard work and discipline I could learn the whole entire thing. Life at the Catholic Worker isn't like that (neither was ancient Greek) and it seems like the main task I am learning here is that you can only do what you can do. I have this image of myself as a peaceful and calming presence, someone who could make the house a welcoming, warm place for people and work out problems and differences among ourselves in a loving way if I only put myself to it. Instead I seem to be always running around here or there, the phone is always ringing, I can never find a pencil, I get down to the pantry and can't remember what I went down there for, somebody's kid knocked over the dog's water dish and I can't find the mop and just as I'm getting dinner on the table a church walk in because I forgot to check the calendar.

Like everyone, I do some things right but each day brings its failures, both functional and personal, and the constant need to forgive myself and let it go. You'd think I would learn to forgive others as easily, but instead I always think that if it had been me, I would have done it (whatever it was) right, or at least better. But what can I say, it's one more failing.

The Catholic Worker is actually a good place for someone like me because while you are constantly faced with your own inability to control situations or get it

right, you also have regular experiences of grace. People who come in here usually give us the benefit of the doubt and even when I know I am not giving them what I should be, when it seems days have gone by since the last non-functional conversation I had with anyone, most people let it go. Yesterday someone asked me five times in the course of the morning shift for the plunger because the toilet upstairs was plugged up. Every time I didn't have time to look for it right then and immediately forgot about it. Instead of getting mad, walking out, talking trash about me or any of the other great solutions I would have come up with in his situation, when I finally did get the plunger, he insisted on fixing the toilet himself instead of letting me do it. Of course, maybe he was thinking about what kind of job I might do.

Well, I have always felt that the real receivers in this lifestyle are the community members and not the guests, and one of the real gifts is to be regularly confronted with the absurdity of your own pretensions and to be accepted as you are anyway. At least there's usually someone around who accepts you! But even so I guess I am feeling increasingly uncomfortable with being in a situation where you are more or less by definition a "helper" rather than a person, maybe because it is so ridiculous in contrast with the reality. I have been thinking a lot about a couple of people who have been staying with us who have been working steadily on the new house, with no recognition, with no thought of recognition, helping without being a

"helper." Somehow when being helpful is part of (or all of) your "job description," something really goes wrong, it loses its spontaneity, it comes from habit more than the heart and gets all mixed up with being managerial, power relationships and all that good stuff. At least that is a risk. I've been thinking lately about the Kingdom of God and why it is like children, and I think it is spontaneity, unplanned acts of love and forgiveness that it is about. And I don't feel too much of either coming from myself these days.

So I am really looking forward to going to Mexico next month where I will be the vulnerable one, the dependent one. I'm pretty sure some of these vague feelings of being out of touch with something I can't quite put my finger on will become quite clear. Anyway, hoping for the best. I'll be writing home over the summer and coming back in September. Please keep me and all of us in your prayers.

By Wendy Bobbitt





HOUSING NOW!

The DC Trip

We (Mike, Corey, Carol and I) left Saturday morning at 10:00 AM headed for Washington DC, with a stop on the way in Chicago at Carol's mom's. We stopped for lunch at a Subway Shoppe. And then Corey broke the ignition key in the door. It was funny. (You had to have been there.) Good old Mike had a spare so we were on our way back on the road. We got to Chicago around 4:30 or 5:30. Carol's mom was sure about hospitable to us. She has a very beautiful house. Carol found out after calling the car rental place that if they picked the car up at O'Hare airport we could save \$65. So Carol, Corey and Carol's mom went to pick up the car. Mike and I stayed there and called a friend of ours in Elgin. J.R. was home but had to be at work so we told him we'd see him there soon. Carol's mom gave us directions to Elgin. So off we went.

It was sure good to see J.R. We talked to him for hours and still didn't say all we had to. We just didn't know that in 5 days we'd be with him again. So at 4:00 AM on Sunday we left Chicago for the end of our journey to DC. The drive was real pleasant since I didn't have to drive. We got the Sunday paper and read all about what was happening. We finally got to DC about 10:30 and drove around debating where to get off. We finally found CCNV (Community for Creative Non-Violence). We met Willis and he showed us where we would be sleeping. I set off the alarms using a door I had used on previous visits, but was now off limits.

Monday morning we all got together to go over what we were to be doing, and to make sure our appointments were set with our congressperson and representatives. We thought we had an appointment Monday morning and found out we didn't. So off to the Capitol steps with our belongings we went. We met some nice people from Indiana who had just formed a group and were as much as if not more into lobbying for more and better housing. I was so hyped about leafletting that it was unreal even to me. There was one bad time at the beginning of leafletting when we were waiting for Willis to bring our leaflets. So we helped the Indiana group with their leaflets. Willis did finally show up with our

leaflets and every one was really proud of the job Corey and Carol did on the leaflet. "Great job, Gang." So at 5:30 we started packing up to go to our home under the bridge. We dropped off some of our stuff with the van and proceeded to walk down the streets to where we would be sleeping. We got some really strange and pleasant looks. Imagine, fourteen people carrying bags, garbage bags, backpacks, and other things walking down the streets of DC by the Capitol. We were a sight. Five blocks down we saw the bridge. When we came up on the bridge some little boys were practicing soccer. When we got under the bridge little boys were playing basketball and some of the guys joined in. I went swinging and met some very nice kids who thought it was great that I would play with them. Then the van came to drop off our dinner and the rest of our stuff. People were really hungry and the coffee was a welcome surprise. So after dinner people started getting their places together where they would sleep. Later at about 9:30, Jim, a friend of a friend, brought me a six pack of Pepsi. He took me to McDonald's for some fries and ice cream. Then Mike and I finally went to sleep.

Tuesday morning we woke up and brought us breakfast. We packed up and walked to the Capitol where we started leafletting. The Capitol police morning would unpack our stuff and for God only knows what!

Tuesday there were demonstrations at steel mills all across the US who were protesting the proposed shutdown of the mills. They were there to say the clean air and their jobs to stay in the met people from almost everywhere. There were a lot of kids there, with a group called Close-Up. I really was glad to see them so many deaf kids and I could practice my signing. At lunchtime we divided up and there would always be people leafletting. We were provided free lunch at the Capitol kitchen. They serve about 200 to 250 people at lunch. I met friends of friends at the soup kitchen. In the afternoon we went to see representative Neil Smith. We went to Tom Dawson, his executive assistant, about how Neil Smith would vote and the chances were of the Mickey Housing bill passing.

After leaving there we went back to the Capitol to leaflet more. Once again we packed up to go back to our home under the bridge. Jim, the friend of a friend, came back with another six pack of Pepsi. I went to sleep. Wednesday morning we brought breakfast and took some of our stuff to the Capitol. So after breakfast we took off for leafletting.

Wednesday morning a group of Americans were protesting Gorbachov's invasion of their homeland. I called home to see if I had sent my money she was wiring.



found out about Kenna, Jann, and the others ingesting the poison. So off for home we came. It was a long long ride home. Back at home things were in a topsy-turvy state.

By Carla Davis



line crossings and cd



For months now we have been anticipating the day when Frank would have to leave to serve jail time for his line crossing on the Feast of Holy Innocents. I entered the SAC base with Frank last December, and I must confess that I came away feeling decidedly negative about his chosen method of protest.

There were twelve or thirteen of us lined up outside the main gate. A guard came out and read the applicable laws to us and ordered us to disperse. Then, each in our turn, we made a series of impromptu speeches. After all were through we joined hands, took a single step forward across the white property line and stopped, waiting for the three guards assembled there to get around to arresting us. We were then politely led to a bus, told to fasten our seatbelts, and driven to the base security office. Once there we were offered chairs and then sat around chatting until we were issued our (for those of us who were first-timers) pro forma ban and bar letters. At the time it all seemed hopelessly silly and game-like.

This weekend I made my second line crossing. I had given some thought to doing something else at the SAC base to commemorate Frank's trial, but decided that I was going primarily to support Frank and therefore would limit myself to what he had always done. I came away from it more energized than discouraged. The night before we attended a mass at Frank's Logan parish. We were fortunate to be present as the parishners showed their support for him and his actions. It was at this mass, and particularly during Frank's homily, that I came to a new appreciation of the line crossing. The people of St. Anne's are by no means die hard civil disobedients. And the people that have crossed these last ten years are, for the most part, not potential lawbreakers. I think now that the silliness and gamishishness of the line

crossing is what makes it more democratic. At least the first two times across are perfectly free. The guards are polite, there is little if any risk of violence, and the first two times the arrest information never even leaves the base. It is this element of control which makes Frank's vision of 200,000 people (the same number which annually attend military air shows at the SAC base) entirely viable.

The other thing which struck me while in Omaha was the relatively small number of people which are necessary to create a vital, on going, and high-profile campaign. Here in Des Moines I have felt increasingly lonely and doubtful about our recent work to end aid to the government of El Salvador. These feelings have grown mostly out of Thomas and I's action at Sen. Grassley's office. The action was a small one with only two of us risking arrest and only the few supporters who were able to be present. I have had this nagging worry that the whole thing appeared to be, or even was, some type of mis-guided male ego-trip about getting arrested for the sake of getting arrested. During the organizing I called a number of people who for excellent reasons were unable to join us and felt increasingly like I was calling and imposing on friends to come with us.

Since then there have been several alerts about upcoming votes in the House of Representatives on aid. Shortly after recess I made an abortive attempt to organize another action. That, and the flurry of grass-roots lobbying and letter writing which must accompany any attempt to influence congress, had me doubting that there was a place for civil disobedience, at least in Des Moines, on this issue.

Since returning from Omaha, I have changed my mind about this as well.

We have recently lost a dear member of our community to a tragic accident. It has been a month already and it will be many more months before I can completely accept it. All of us still experience pangs of regret whenever we are reminded of her. The amount of energy and grieving which has gone into reconciling ourselves to the loss of this single individual is overwhelming. How many times more terrible, then, must it be for a Salvadorean who has lost 3 or 4 children to our (we paid for it so it is ours) army or the poverty which it imposes. That kind of grief must be inconsolable. And still we hear people like Sen. Grassley say that those deaths are excusable because there will be yet another investigation, or because the FMLN has killed also or because this mother's children belonged to FENASTRAS and might have believed in the collectivization of industry. This is nothing less than spitting in the face of the grieved.

But that is the privilege of the First world. Sen. Grassley, as a North American, can analyze things according to "Geopolitical Reality", and I, as a North American, can write a letter faulting his analysis. However, for the vast majority of Salvadoreans reality is hunger, fear, assassination, and dead brothers or sisters. This is not foreign policy, it is genocide, and it must not be challenged solely by a rational exchange of correspondence.

So, again, I have changed my thinking. I do believe there is a need for direct action. Our representatives in Washington employ legions of people to process our letters and phone calls and keep track of who is on which side. Of course we must let them know that hundreds of people are on our side, but we must also work to move the issue out of this abstract realm, we must bring home to them some of the pain of El Salvador, through our own sacrifice and commitment.

We ought not to limit ourselves to the channels established by those who carry out the immoral policies which we oppose. I think, perhaps, there is tremendous good in publicly contradicting the authority of a state which would ally itself with assassins.

A very sweet, and I think sympathetic, judge has ordered me to not to disobey the orders of federal officers in Des Moines for the next six months, on pain of increased penalty. This judge was acting as an agent of the federal government. Though he has no direct influence over monies sent to El Salvador he was acting on the behalf of those who do. Meanwhile the bloodbath continues. For these reasons I do not feel able to comply with his orders. I want to return to the Federal building, and hope very much that others will join me, other members of this community, and (in a symbolic way) Frank. Both at the Federal building and afterwards in jail.





They'll never be the same again --
the screech of the sirens,
the chugging of the choppers,
the barking of the dogs,
the blinking of car lights.

These conjure new images for me now.
They've been "Gaza'd" into other
meanings
That are based on terror in the night
And fright in the daylight.

Run in fear, run for your life,
Run, run, run like rats!
Your homes are your holes
But theirs are safer than yours.
Run, run, run like rats
Away from their izzis
That kill and maim, anytime, anywhere --
In the starlight, in the sunlight.

Run, run, run like rats!
Soldiers with guns have come.
Your homes are your holes,
But the rats are safer than you.

It is one thing to hear "occupied territories"
but it is far more profound to live within
that situation. A more cherished
realization of the concept of freedom
surfaces after one has lived where it does
not exist.

The people in Gaza told us that their
situation was like that of South Africa, but
the difference is that their conditions are
not known worldwide whereas South
Africans' are. One woman of prominence
said, "Life and death became the same."
That is why the women's committees began
their nonpassive but nonviolent resistance
to the oppression, feeling it couldn't get any
worse. An accident occurred in 1988 during
which a child threw a stone, then another,
and another. The repressed anger and
resentment toward years of oppression
burst like a hurricane throughout the
territories to become the Intifada. The
stone-throwing children became the
heroes and leaders of their communities.
Everywhere we went people put their
forefingers together and said "Peace -- two
countries side by side." Everywhere the
children gave us the victory sign
with waving fingers, even babies were made
to give the sign. We left wanting to help
them live without the pervasive oppression
in all aspects of their lives.

Barry and I went to Israel's occupied
territories to take part in the 1990 Time for
Peace March around the outside of the
walls of Old Jerusalem with peace activists
from all over the world who came to join in
the first public peace demonstration
organized by both the Israelis and the
Palestinians who want an end to the
occupation and its bloodshed. But we
arrived at our hotel just as people were
returning from the demonstration which
had been disrupted by the Israeli soldiers
using live ammunition, tear gas and a water
cannon, even though there had been no
unlawful action. Later we visited the
hospital and saw a six-year-old boy who
had a skull fracture from being knocked
down by the water cannon and two people
who had been overcome by tear gas, one of
whom died later. We heard about the
Italian onlooker who lost one eye from a
shard of the window broken by the water
cannon. Yet she said she was pleased to
have been made an honorary citizen of
Palestine.

One night we were staying with a family in
the Beach Camp and we were awakened by
screams and shots. In the morning we
learned that soldiers had taken a youth to
prison. Another couple stayed in that same

house the following week. They were
aroused by soldiers coming into the house
and demanding to see their passports. The
hostess shrugged, "This is our life." She
was a widow with three daughters. One was
in hiding because she was being sought by
the Israelis for activities in the women's
committees. That girl's husband was in
prison and had never held his child, a
darling three-year-old. The grandmother
was raising the girl. The next older
daughter spoke very good English and
expressed the hope to become a linguist,
despite the poverty in which she grew up.
Her husband had been killed and six of her
seven brothers were in prison.

The next night we stayed with a family that
had 7 children. The oldest son had a star-
shaped scar on his forehead and a plastic
shield behind it. He was limping from the
recent leg wound. By night he hid away
from home because soldiers were known to
come after wounded ones on the premise
that if you were wounded you must have
done something wrong and should be in
prison.

We saw that some people had small gardens
within the walls of their cement block
homes and raised chickens and rabbits.
This is their attempt to become
independent of the Israeli economy so that
has been deemed illegal and soldiers
destroy these gardens.

We also visited a former Y where an art
school had been established by famous
Palestinian artists. These artists have had
exhibits shown internationally but cannot
obtain visas to accompany their shows.
Artists are not allowed to use the colors of
their flag, red green, black and white,
together in the same picture. Art materials
are curtailed. Some have had their works
confiscated from their homes or from their
exhibits. We met a 17-year-old girl there
who had her works ready for an
international tour because she has so
graphically portrayed the oppressiveness of
the life she has lived under the occupation.
We photographed her works showing the
soldiers on the roofs of homes, the Red
Cross taking the wounded children into the
ambulance, the rows of young boys
throwing stones at the armed soldiers, the
men and women gathering for their union
and committee meetings under the
Palestinian flag even though they are
breaking the law to display it.

All over Gaza we saw things hanging from
the telephone and utility wires and learned
that the children attach their flag to one
end of a rope and an empty tear gas canister
to the other and fling them over the wires
in defiance of the law. We interviewed one
young father who had prostheses since
losing his arms trying to remove one of
these devices with a pole from a power line
at the point of a soldier's gun. He also had
two plastic plates in his skull and severe
burns up both legs. His father owed \$30,000
in medical bills for the work done on him
in a German hospital.

Although schools in Gaza have stayed open,
1,194 schools in the West Bank have been
closed all but 7 months out of the past 2
years. This collective punishment is not
only a violation of law but a severe blow to
a people for whom education is a passion. It
has affected 320,000 children. It means
that 40,000 graduates from high school
over the past two years cannot continue on
to higher learning because the famous Bir
Zeit University is now a military zone. Not
only cannot 24,000 university students
continue their studies, but 1,400 professors
cannot teach or pursue their research. All
equipment has been removed from the
schools, 1,700 books have been confiscated
with no permits to build new schools
issued.

At present there are possibly 1,000 college
students studying in clandestine
classrooms or in homes attempting to earn
degrees in mathematics, sociology,

ISRA PALESTINE

commerce and languages. It is difficult
to offer degrees in sciences or engineering
without any laboratory equipment,
without libraries for research,
the university lost all its periodicals,
sorely in need of Arabic texts.
An encouraging statement we heard was
that 46% of the present student body is female.

For the younger children the women's
committees have organized classes in
homes, stores or wherever there is
available space. In some places the
children take lessons to the homes once a week
to pick up the homework. This has been
outlawed, but they persist in spite of
arrests and killings. Sixty-six women have
been martyred and over 1,000 children

have been killed, and many more maimed.
The educated and the wealthy have
opened centers for the training of adult women
to overcome illiteracy and to train
mothers to earn a living. The fact that
of the men have been either
killed, imprisoned or wounded makes it
imperative that the women be
breadwinners. They are trained to use
knitting machines, to become secretaries,
teachers, health care workers, beauticians.
Others learn to make children's clothing,
operate bakeries, make jellies,
jellies, and to do the fancy embroidery on
their native garments. In addition to
day care centers and kindergartens
have been organized to free the mothers
for training and employment.

The children are taught English in
grammar school, so many times we
youngsters say "Welcome" as they greet
us, or a smiling "Hello." We were
surprised at this because so often we
parents say that the tear gas used in
Gaza was made in Pennsylvania. That is
has an additive which causes abortion in
enclosed places, like the homes into
which it is thrown, or the hospital emergency
room we were shown into which a
bomb was thrown, and a maternity ward
into which we were told one had
tossed. We were also told that
soldiers enter hospitals any hour of
day or night and remove patients, even
who are attached to life-support
equipment, to take them into
prisons. Many wounded persons refuse
medical aid out of fear.

We toured several hospitals which have
been updated in over 20 years.
No permits are given to build new ones.
A greater percentage of their patients
are under 25 years of age and have
been wounded by so-called plastic or non-
lethal bullets which in actuality are rubber-
coated metal bullets which shatter bones or

We attended a meeting at which an
Israeli soldier who belonged to the Yeshiva
revealed that about 50 Israeli soldiers
committed suicide over what they had
done in the occupied territories. His group
was those who refuse to serve their
military time in the occupied territories
through counselling and by financial
incentives for their families. About 95 are
in prison for this refusal.

It was surprising to hear Palestinians
to the prisons as their academies. Near the
camps through hunger or sit-down strikes
they have won permission to in effect run
their own discipline. They have organized
groups for current events, learned
languages, strategy, mathematics and
rigorous exercise regimens. Those who
educated teach the others despite the
terrible conditions and overcrowding in

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prisons. We heard that women have held sit-ins at prison doors so as to gain permission to take their meals to prisoners. We saw petitions signed by unions and committees for the closing of the notoriously bad Ansvar III prison in the Negev desert where there are 4,000 inmates living in tents with little bedding and infrequent changes of clothing. Toilet facilities there means an open ditch.

Despite this, the men and women return to their communities as heroes and are so trained that they can become leaders in the Intifada. They gain not only an education but self esteem. Several psychologists told us that they found the stress level was less among prisoners than with men out in the oppressed society in which they exist, because in prison they were part of a supportive community.

We witnessed one of these welcome-back celebrations. Shortly after we arrived in the village an elderly man appeared at the door (no one has a telephone, except collaborators, we were told) to invite us to the feast he was having for his son who had just been released from prison. Well, I was the only woman in the room, as usual. Guests dine with the host and the sons only. A tray 24 inches in diameter was brought out heaped high with yellowish rice with bits of cauliflower. Atop this were two huge pieces of the lamb they had roasted. The host took them in hand and broke off bite-sized pieces, placed them around the outer edges of the tray on the rice and handed us each a tablespoon. With this we scooped the grease in the bowl, put it over the lamb and rice and dined off the common tray.

Everyone must carry an ID card. If arrested, it is taken and a green card is issued with a letter saying that he or she is a threat to the security of Israel. When a prisoner is released with this green card, it means that a soldier can pick up that person at any time. While a person is in prison, often other members of the family are also arrested, tortured, questioned and/or imprisoned for interrogation on the activities of the imprisoned relative. Or a family member can be imprisoned on the suspicion of complicity. Or, persons are held in detention without charges ever being filed for up to 6 months, and then the detention is repeated over and over. We heard tales over and over again of such treatment. Many had spent 17 years in prison.

On one road we were introduced to a woman in a hovel with three children. She told us through an interpreter how she was imprisoned and learned of her husband's death from a newspaper picture. She was tortured and released but is still harrassed by soldiers. Her home had been blown up and her well bombed. One bomb did not go off and remained, contaminating the well. Her separate cook house had been bombed and was unusable so she had one pot over an open fire for meals. Her water tanks had been riddled with bullet holes. Despite her hardship, as is the custom of the hospitable Palestinians, she brought hot, very sweet tea to us on a silver tray!

Near the center of town we saw two ceramic tablets with quotes from the Koran embedded in opposite walls on a road intersection. These marked where children had been shot to death but one tablet had been smashed by soldiers. Nearby was a cemetery from which, we were told, soldiers removed the flowers relatives placed there.

One night in the village we were taken up to the roof of the home where we stayed. Atop seven mountains surrounding the village we saw bright clusters of lights. Each represented a settlement of Israelis. Most of the villages seem to be surrounded in this way. This draws the water from their wells, making them become saline. In this particular village the people found the electricity so expensive that they obtained three generators and made their own power but curtail usage to 5 to 10 PM so as to prolong the life of the equipment. Most people had TVs but they told us that when the Arabic newscasters come on, the Israelis cause interference so that it is difficult to understand.

Everyone we met was Moslem. We would be awakened at 4:30 every morning when the aman broadcast prayers from the loudspeaker in the minaret. But in this town we could barely hear it because the Israelis had removed the adequate one saying that it was used for anti-Israeli propaganda -- which it was. They could not obtain a replacement with sufficient volume for the entire town.

Everywhere, in Jerusalem and in the villages, the walls were covered with graffiti which the youths are forced by soldiers to paint over because the sayings are against the Israelis. In this village we saw one in English which said "Up with Palestine, down with Israel." Spray can possession is now illegal!

Our hiking took us past so many bombed out houses. Villagers are given as little as five minutes, day or night, to vacate their homes and cannot take anything from the debris. The Red Cross provides some families with tents but the temperature can be between 32 and 50 degrees. Once a property has no livable home on it, it reverts to the state as "abandoned." It is estimated that about 2,000 homes in the occupied territories have been bombed for this purpose. This displaces not just one family, but several generations. It is customary to add another story, up to a total of four, when a son marries because it is almost impossible to obtain permits to build a new house.

A flat fertile farm area, hard to find in that rocky, hilly town, was pointed out to us as the site that the Israelis had designated for confiscation so that another prison could be built in their town because it was too far to transport them to Hebron.

The one thing that made the greatest impact on us during our trip occurred in this village of Ithna. The first night we were there we were awakened by the barking of dogs in the houses around us. We learned that the first night 13 children had been taken out of their homes by soldiers and the second night about 30 were taken in a bus into detention at some unknown location. This was done as a warning that there was

to be no incidents because school was reopening the next day. This was so shocking to us. We were relieved that none of the children in the home where we were staying had been sought out. Our hostess was expecting her sixth child and she so touched my heart by her generous gift of one of their native gowns on which she had done the extensive, small cross-stitch embroidery. I feel so honored when I wear this, together with the white scarf covering all my head and shoulders, whenever we give our talks about our fact-finding two-week trip sponsored by the Middle East Justice Network.

We made one-day visits to Umm el Faham and Ramallah. Although taxes are paid, few services are given, especially garbage pickup. Umm el Faham, once the most prosperous village in Israel, now has a disease named after it because raw sewage flows in the streets of this town high on a hill where there is no more room on which to build homes. There people pay ten times more for water than the Israelis. Children have to walk 7 miles to school and are then too tired to study. We were told electricity is turned off without notice and curfews are

lowered whenever there is an 'incident' like a stone thrown or tires set afire.

In Hebron we visited in the home of a man who had been a prizewinning runner. He displayed two big plaques he had won. He was out running one night past some Israelis coming out of some function. He was told to stop but did not hear them. He was shot in the back and paralyzed from the waist down. It is not only soldiers who carry guns. The settlers (Jews who move into occupied territories) are told to carry guns for 'protection.'

But all is not so black as it might sound. There is a growing group among the Israelis who object to the things we have told about. In fact, it was the Israelis in the Peace Now group who organized the 1990: Time for Peace demonstration. They invited the Palestinians but only those living in Jerusalem could participate because roadblocks kept people from the West Bank from entering. But this movement and others like it are active and growing. The Palestinians sincerely want peace and will not give up their struggle for peaceful coexistence with Israel. But they need our prayers and our support.

By Marie Molloy



It is ordinary knowledge that Jews for centuries were hounded and persecuted in middle and eastern Europe.

Modern, active Zionism developed in middle and eastern Europe about the 1880's onward. After a fairly long period of prosperity a recession occurred in Europe and, as has happened so often before, the Jews were the scapegoats. As a result of the French Revolution emancipation and the Enlightenment, the mood of European people was oriented to being citizens of countries rather than primarily of one religious group or another. A significantly important group of Jewish writers and leaders decided they had had it. Jews needed a safe homeland. By no means did all of the Jewish communities feel this way or support the Zionism that developed.

The traditional homeland of Palestine, the Holy Land, was a natural choice. Arabs were living there and had been for hundreds of years, many back to the time of Mohammed. Many Jews lived there also back to Roman times but were a distinct minority.

During WWI the Zionists turned to Britain's Lord Balfour, minister, to get help in establishing a homeland in the Holy Land after the war. This was agreed upon in return for great help to Britain by the Zionists. It was known as the Balfour Agreement. This agreement stated "...it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

At about the same time Britain, through British High Commissioner MacMahon in Cairo, Egypt, turned to Arab King Hussein in Arabia east and south of Palestine to revolt against the Turks, the Ottoman Empire, in return for homeland rights in Palestine after the war. Concurrently in May 1916 Sir Mark Sykes of Britain and Charles Francois Georges Picot of France concluded an agreement to divide the spoils of the Ottoman Empire (which of course included Palestine) between France, Britain and Russia. If King Hussein had known this he would not have led his people in revolt against the Turks.

continued on p. 10



A Letter from Laura

In February, I was able to participate in a delegation to El Salvador. A feminist theologian, a veteran, a union leader, two congressional aides, a Jesuit, and others traveled with me to investigate the human rights situation since the flood of repression in November and December. The delegation met with over twenty religious, human rights, labor, student and other popular organizations and two political parties. Repeatedly, these leaders called upon us to work to end US military aid to El Salvador. A full delegation report is available for \$3 from the coordinating organization, Building with the Voiceless of El Salvador, 421 Seward Sq. Washington DC 20003

One incident that didn't make it into the report was a visit to the Archbishop's office where many poor people come from all the parts of the country begging for help. Several women came into the waiting room

with their babies. They brought carefully folded receipts for school uniforms and tuition, medical prescriptions that could not be filled, and stories of bombings, of family members that had been killed due to the strafing. Some women didn't want to speak to us. But they looked at us. I went over to talk with just a few women about their situation. One woman's baby, about two she seemed, had thin, thin hair and shallow sick breaths, and she whimpered. The mother kept pulling out her breast, small, overused, empty. "No hay nada," she said to me; kneeling at her feet. God, it pained me to my soul. The girl was not sick, she was starving. I had to leave. I cried, angrily, the figures running through my head, "1.5 million dollars a day, given to El Salvador." There are only five million people in that tiny country. Something is strictly awry.

And what should I do about it? Play the

role of the bleeding heart north american provide some immediate cash so that could quickly fix this unbearable starvation, at least so that I would not have to witness such suffering.

I ran up to this man, tears in my eyes because he was wearing a long brown robe. He looked like the good friar in Rome. He was Juliet, sort of round, with a large head. He didn't look Salvadoran.

I said through tears, well, what was I supposed to do? Is it wrong for me to give these women some fruit and bread? That just trying to buy away this pain? What am I feeling? Am I just reenacting the gruesome cycle of those who have and those who don't? Or can I just feed this girl so that she'll stop crying, so she can stop feeling hungry?

The tears muddled my words, and I was sure if he understood me. He tried to tell me that there are many poor people. It was wrong for him to be comforting me. Finally he left him, bought bananas and bread and brought them back to the crying women. We ate together.

And like a crocus springing out of the winter earth, that little girl woke up and was laughing. And alive. We ate together, the women and I. It was rich.

But there is an aching thought, now because of the temporary nature of that food. And the girl may yet die because the price of bread and gasoline just went up thirty percent in El Salvador.

By Laura Lomas
Reprinted from *The Overland*



Romero, Grassley, and US Aid



On March 24, 1980, Archbishop Oscar Romero of San Salvador was shot to death while celebrating Mass. In the ten years since then, no one has been prosecuted in that murder despite compelling evidence that government-linked death squads are responsible. Also since that time, the United States has wholeheartedly supported the government of El Salvador to which those death squads are linked. This has been accomplished in a variety of ways, most significantly in the form of \$4 billion in aid to the government, much of that to the military. About 74,000 others have shared Archbishop Romero as victims of the war.

In light of these facts, as well as the fact that Senator Chuck Grassley (R-IA) has more than once voted to continue aid unconditionally to the Salvadoran government, Corey Hardin and I decided to address Senator Grassley in a more direct fashion than just letters. On 23 March, 1980, the last working day before the actual death anniversary of Romero's death, we entered Senator Grassley's Des Moines office, accompanied by about ten supporters. We informed the office staff that we were protesting Senator Grassley's support of US aid to El Salvador, and explained why. We told them of the thousands of deaths, the strafing and bombing of civilian neighborhoods, the activities of the death squads, all at the expense and in the name of US citizens. We signed a paper acknowledging our visit,

were thanked "for the benefit of our views," were assured that our sentiments would be passed along to the Senator, and asked to leave. We told them that we would be glad to do so as soon as we felt sure that Senator Grassley was taking action towards removing US support from the Salvadoran government.

Eventually, we were allowed to stay until office closing time. We put white handprints on the door to the office, the symbol of the death squads of which

Senator Grassley is such a staunch supporter. The office closed, and again we were asked to leave. We again declined to do so until some action had been taken to ensure the safety of the people of El Salvador. After several requests to leave which we refused, we were escorted from the office by a federal officer and the Des Moines Police.

In court, facing charges of failure to comply with the direction of a law enforcement official, we pleaded not guilty. We cited the Nuremberg Principles which call us to not be complicit in crimes against peace, despite the fact that they are committed by our government. We were found guilty and placed on unsupervised probation for six months.

Unfortunately, there is still US aid funneling in to the government of El Salvador at the horrific rate of \$1.5 million per day. For a country of five million people that's enough for \$2.25 per person per week. Only most don't see any of the fruits of that money, except perhaps in the form of the pile of rubble that had been their home, clinic or church previous to a bomb. Or in the blood running from the wound where an American bullet pierced the heart of a loved one. What sort of aid is that?

By Thomas Taylor



Hi! It's me again, Norman. I'm sorry if you missed me in the last issue of our newsletter. The reason is, there seems to always be reasons for everything. So my reason is I couldn't really find anything to say. So I'm sorry and I mean that. I do have a lot to say right now. One of the things that I want to talk about or speak about is that there's a lot of changes or turn of events happening or will happen.

For example, Mary and Al Razor for years have delivered bread and rolls to the Catholic Worker from a bakery in Huxley, Iowa. This bakery, which stopped baking bread a couple of weeks ago, was a family-run business. During the week while the father taught school the wife would cook, on Friday nights the father would cook and on that same night, no matter what the weather was like, Mary and Al Razor would deliver the bread and rolls. I told a lot of people with the bakery closing it's the end of an era. I never really got into thanking the bakery for all the good bread and rolls and the care in making it and also to Mary and Al Razor for bringing it to us. **THANK YOU.**

Another end of an era happening is that the Dingman House will be finished and opening up soon. Everything that goes on at Lazarus will move over to the Dingman House. To me the changing of houses will be good. And the reason why it'll be good, I haven't figured it out.

Another change at the Catholic Worker is that we have a couple more cars which is good because there's a lot of things to do and it's easy to get things done. Speaking of cars I never told people that I named my truck "Homeless." Right now I am hauling compost for our garden and other gardens and soon furniture for the new house. I haul stuff to the dump, wood and other things to Kay and Barry's farm. I help other people too.

When I'm not busy I go around to car washes and parks looking for bottles and cans at the same time looking for a good part time job. That's a change too. There are a lot more people out there collecting bottles and cans every day. Sometimes I feel like giving up but I can't. I am working on dreams. We all have dreams of our own but I want to share my dreams like I share my truck. Right now those dreams are just dreams. And what are my dreams? I still want to open a house of hospitality for families of inmates giving the families that have to come a long way a place to stay while they visit, and at the same time trying to work

with both the prison and the community at the same time working with the Church.

It seems to me that we are willing to put people away not only in prisons, but nursing homes, mental institutions and state run shelters without even checking about overcrowdedness and if programs in places are handling the crowdedness and seeing what else is needed to help all that are involved, everyone. I believe that if we're willing to put someone away, even if it's one of our own like our father we wouldn't want to put him in an overcrowded nursing home, as much as if you did something wrong you wouldn't want to be in an overcrowded jail where programs have been cut due to crowdedness. I feel that we should help by building more space in our prisons, shelters, nursing homes and mental hospitals. We need to get more involved not just on one side of the issues. So I want a house some day to do hospitality for families of inmates and work with the prison, the town and Church.

Another dream I have is that I want to try to get Sheryl Snodgrass's children to visit her from Washington state. Sheryl's a lifer in Mitchellville. I figure if I could get Sheryl's children to come all the way from Washington then perhaps I could do it for others. I realize that I'm a fool begging for bottles and cans to make dreams happen. Yet I read about how Saint Francis went around the countryside begging for stones to rebuild church ruins and how Christ taught Francis to love and to forgive.

I have another dream, a dream of my own. I want to go home before my mother sells the house that I was raised up in, the house that I would see when I came back from running away a lot before I saw anyone. The house where twelve children and two parents lived with four bedrooms upstairs with a kitchen, bathroom, livingroom, and a dining room downstairs and in the basement besides the furnace was Dad's printing press. I could go on but I'm sure that you all have that dream of going home for one last look.

Another dream I have, that is if you can call it a dream, I would like to see peace in Central America. By pulling our troops and military aid out and sending in aid to help rebuild Central America without any strings to the aid because to me there seems to be signs of people wanting peace. Look at Europe with the Berlin Wall. We speak of peace on earth and good will to all on Christmas. Why can't we do it every day and why can't we at the same time put an end to the arms race. That's a dream.

Another change and maybe its the last for this article. This coming July I'll be turning forty. It's a big thing for me because I've never been forty and at the same time on that day I guess I'll be looking back at the almost eleven years of being a Catholic Worker. And wondering what's next. I don't know, God knows, all I know is that I'm working on dreams at the same time helping everyone I can, collecting bottles and cans, taking care of a cat named Norman and driving a truck named Homeless.

Well, it's stopped raining, everyone's in bed sleeping, I've got some praying to do before I go to bed. I thank you.

Norman

Between WWI and WW immigration continued into After WW II and the unspeakable Holocaust, thousands of Jews went to Israel; the Zionists supported this to the limit. After postwar major reconstruction home, turned their mandate over to the United Nations. The land between the new state of the Arabs under King Hussein of the King Hussein of WW Jordan. Neither the Jews were satisfied with the division Jewish/Arab wars were fought the Jews. In the Six-Day War Israel occupied the West Bank of Jerusalem and the Gaza Strip at the Mediterranean at the south next to Egypt.

As an army of occupation Defense Forces (IDF) have an obligation to maintain peace in the Geneva Convention and International But they cannot change outside community services without support and fund over 100 Israeli settlements in the territories. The IDF has been in giving rules thousands of times. This that they imprisonment without due process, beatings, excess force, invasion without legal process and blow only on suspicion that a member of a household had broken a law. We have rule. This latter technique to keep the copied from the British mandate.

The Intifada (Arab uprising) determination not to stop until self-government, is a direct result of unlimited oppression of the unlimited expansionism of factions in the Israeli political

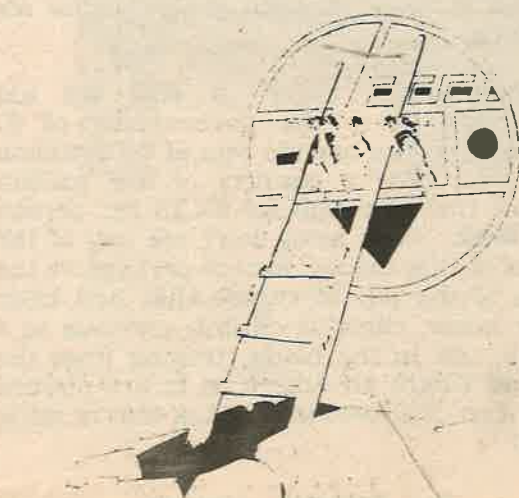
VERY IMPORTANT: All Israelis repeat DO NOT, subscribe to the expansion in the occupied territories want to "exchange land for people side by side in peace" Palestinians.

Former IDF fighter for independence 1948 war, Uri Avnery, who served terms in the Israeli Knesset has worked for peace between peoples since that war. Several generals have recently stated that does not need the Territories for

Uri's book, *My Friend the Peace* story of many direct contacts with Chairman Yassir Arafat. He has stated repeatedly that they have the right to exist and will abide by resolutions 242 and 388 that matter and also states that the rights should be recognized. The governing conservative party does not want to live up to the rules. A Palestinian minister, Abu Nidal, who is opposed to the power to keep Israel and the other's throats. According to Nidal is the one who brought out the assassination of Said Hammadeh and Sartzwi, two strong peace advocates and very high in that organization.

What this means to me is that of integrity and loyalty will even if it means they die for it.

The conclusion of these fighters, Israelis and Palestinians the best interests for both of the lands, side by side in peace.



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Around the House

Writing the house article is kind of like going back out to the garden and trying to gather up all the seeds that have been planted, so you can show someone all the different kinds of seeds there are, and how they are all so very beautiful, growing into their own different entity. Through all the happenings and changes that have occurred the last few months the most appreciated gift has been from our circle of outside community. I don't know what we would do without the blessing and care of this supportive circle. What they bring us is so much more than groceries, money, and time. In giving us these things they show us that they think we're doing good work and they keep us striving to do better.

We have been devoting some time trying to get our elected government officials to do better. We have been trying in various ways to keep the tragedies in El Salvador continuously in people's minds just as the complexities keep continuing for the people in El Salvador. We held a sit-in at Grassley's office the day before the anniversary of Archbishop Romero's assassination. Thomas and Corey were arrested and a good group of folks came and voiced their own frustrations. The only way that aid to El Salvador will end is to get as many people as possible to call their Representatives and Senators and demand that it end. We have gathered at the Federal Building part of the winter and we are now holding banners over the Interstate bridge in an effort to reach as many people as possible.

Our community members and our friend Mike Kyle went to Washington, DC to participate in an ongoing Housing Now campaign. They spent the first week in April sleeping under a bridge and leafletting at the Capitol. Everyone is aware that there is not much chance that the Mickey Leland housing bill will pass but these kinds of demonstrations keep the pressure on and make people look at the problems that are happening in their own communities.

We closed the house the same week as the Housing Now trip. We needed to take some time to decide how we were going to keep the house a safe place for folks to come and still be an open caring presence in the neighborhood. We are anticipating a rough summer; the warm weather has already brought out a lot of street action, and we are keeping our hearts open to any ways we can give love and caring, while strongly looking forward to this week of travel and reflection that a shining light went out. The death of our daughter was not only a light that went out here at the Catholic Worker, but it is a light that went out for all the peace and environment community. To lose such a young person who was already devoting so much of her time to peace work and prairie restoration is a loss to all of us dreaming for a better world.

While I took the time to be alone and with my family, the house opened and filled up quickly. Bill Cullen, Kate Miller, Renate Schroedel, Patty MacDonell, and Dennis McLaughlin have been taking shifts at the house, which has been a real lifesaver for us, and several other friends have been filling in when needed. We have to admit we have a need for more community members and these volunteers really help relieve the workload. We are also going to need volunteers this summer as Wendy and her family travel to Mexico with the Bojorquez family to spend several months in Filomena and Roberto's village in Chihuahua.

We made good use of our volunteers last weekend when we all went to Logan to share Frank Cordaro's pre-trial Mass and celebration. His liturgy was very affirming to us that work for peace. Carol, Corey, and Thomas want to thank Pat and Marge Diggins for letting them spend the night so they could attend the trial which was held the following morning. Frank was sentenced to six months. Even though we all knew what to expect it was still disturbing to see our friend, a man who committed no serious crime, being handcuffed and led away.

Jim Harrington and Daniel Avila say they are a few days away from being done with the Dingman House. The work this winter went very slowly. The finishing work is not only tedious but takes a great amount of skill. When we finally get the house open, we will feel as though a great weight has been taken from our shoulders and our appreciation to Jim and Daniel for taking on this responsibility is felt by all of us.

It is such a relief to know that we have the money to finish the new house. We took the money that was specifically given to us for the new house and placed it in a savings account so that it could be used for only that purpose. Leaving that positive note, though, we are extremely broke again and we have bills that we are not going to be able to pay until we get new money in.

We always put money on the needs list but another way that friends could help us is by telling other people about us and what we do. We are always willing to do presentations. If you know of a group that would like to know more about us, please have them get in touch with us. We can go to their meetings, or we are always glad to have groups come here.

We want to give Kari Fisher our best wishes. Kari and Jim Thorne got married a few weeks ago in Omaha. Wendy, Norman and Jim went out for the wedding and had a good visit. We also want to wish our best to Patti McKee and Jon Krieg, who will be getting married this month. We wish Patti and Jon the best in their new life.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Father Frank Cordaro was sentenced to six months in prison for his line-crossing at the SAC base near Omaha on December 28, Feast of the Holy Innocents. Frank can be written letters of support at his parish. Fr. Frank Cordaro, St. Anne's Church, PO Box 42, Logan, IA 51546.



Mass Schedule

Father David from the Drake Newman Community will be with us to celebrate Mass while Father Frank is in prison. Mass will be held at the Catholic Worker House on the following Friday nights at 7:30 pm.

June 1
July 6

All are welcome. Please come early and stay late.

needs

The ice storm did some major damage to our roofs at Lazarus and Dingman House (\$1550 worth of repair work) and property taxes and winter utilities ate up the "surplus" we received in gifts over the holidays, so here we are broke again. Since we receive no grant or foundation money we have no predictable income on a monthly basis except that the warm months are predictably short, so please keep this need in mind.

- shampoo
- diapers
- laundry detergent
- cleaning supplies
- towels
- lamps
- lightbulbs
- coffee
- dry cereal
- dry beans
- tomato sauce & paste
- fruits and vegetables
- money
- garbage bags

This high summer we love will pour its light
 the fields grown rich and ragged in one strong moment
 then before we're ready will crash into autumn
 with a violence we can't accept
 a bounty we can't forgive
 Night frost will strike when the noons are warm
 the pumpkins wildly glowing the green tomatoes
 straining huge on the vines
 queen anne and blackeyed susan will straggle rusty
 as the milkweed stakes her claim
 she who will stand at last dark sticks barely rising
 up through the snow her testament of continuation
 We'll dream of a longer summer
 but this is the one we have.
 I lay my sunburnt hand
 on your table: this is the time we have

ADRIENNE RICH

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